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AN ADDRESS

IN MEMORY

OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

BY

E. B. SHERMAN, LL.D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



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E. B. SHERMAN, LL.D.

(LATE 2d LIEUT. CO. C., 9th VT. INFANTRY, ALSO LATE LIEUT. COL. AND  
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## Ulysses S. Grant.



**N** ALL the annals of the past there can be found no record of a scene more impressive, more touching, than that which this day has witnessed. To-day the nation has reluctantly consigned to the tomb all that remains of its illustrious son, Ulysses S. Grant.

Through the streets of a thousand cities and villages, draped with emblems of woe, pass funeral corteges with solemn and measured tread, clad with the common insignia of mourning, and touched with a common sorrow, while the mournful cadences of solemn dirges stir the sensibilities of every heart; a thousand flags floating at half mast in the breeze, symbolize the nation's loss and proclaim the nation's grief; a thousand orators pay eloquent and loving tributes of respect and affection to the memory of the departed hero, and a common sentiment of sympathy and sorrow touches and thrills the hearts of fifty millions of people.

Nay, more; the whole civilized world joins in paying honor to the illustrious dead. Wherever human hearts beat responsive to heroic deeds, there his name is held in reverent and affectionate regard. When he passed away from earth, America's pale and quivering lips whispered the sad tidings in the ear of every continent, and returning messages of condolence were flashed beneath all

seas. Never was there a more devoted and ardent patriot, never one more loyal to his country, to its government and its institutions, never one prouder of his heritage as an American citizen, yet in name and fame and character, he belongs not to the nation but to the world.

Mankind has been bereaved, and from the brotherhood of noble souls, one of the greatest has passed away. In Westminster Abbey, where repose England's illustrious dead, many of England's most illustrious living gathered in honor of the memory of one of America's greatest sons, and one of England's most eloquent scholars, orators and divines wreathed for his brow a chaplet of glory and beauty, and paid to his memory a loving and tender tribute. Eloquent words of eulogy stirred the air where sleep in solemn silence ten centuries of sceptered kings, and echoing back from the fretted roofs died away in the distant aisles where reposes the dust of Albion's immortal bards, renowned statesmen and mighty warriors. Nor was such homage in such a presence undeserved, for where, in all that most magnificent of mausoleums sleeps there one among the titled or the untitled dead whose peer he is not.

In the brief period allotted me I shall not attempt to sketch the life and public services or analyze the character of General Grant; nor is this necessary. For nearly twenty-five years he has stood before the American people, one of the central figures in the conspicuous group of warriors and statesmen who have made events and created history. On every page of this history his deeds are emblazoned in letters of living light.

When the bloody hand of treason sought to thrust a dagger to the nation's heart; when inspired and thrilled

by patriotic purpose the loyal millions rose in their majesty, and solemnly swore that the emblem of the nation's honor should forever float over a free and united country; then Illinois gave to the nation its greatest statesman, the immortal Lincoln, to preside over its councils, to bear upon his strong shoulders the burden of its misfortunes, and to suffer in his sensitive soul the long anguish of its sad Gethsemane; it gave to the nation, also, her greatest soldier, the immortal Grant, who, at Belmont, and Donelson, and Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, and through the Wilderness, led her armies to supremest victory. Obscure and unknown, but the conscious possessor of great qualities, in four short years, by sheer merit, he forced his way from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of human greatness. The secret of his power has never been disclosed. Genius is a law to itself, and the workings of this law can be known only to its possessor. It is even doubtful whether the methods it employs to accomplish its magnificent results rise so far into the domain of consciousness that they become clearly visible to him who employs them. In this form of greatness, which, because we cannot comprehend or describe it otherwise, we term genius, a subtle and unerring intuition guides the soul. The processes of reason may be comprehended and analyzed, and the path from premises to conclusion clearly understood and unerringly traced. The illumination of genius is as instantaneous as the electric flash. Sometimes this power is manifested by a concentration of immense vital energies in a single direction; sometimes by a rare equipoise of strong mental forces, producing extraordinary results without apparent effort. Such was the genius of General

Grant, the genius of an evenly developed, well balanced, finely poised, well disciplined mind, all of whose powers responded instantly and harmoniously to the mandates of his imperious will, roused and stimulated by the stern behest of duty.

It is easy to say of General Grant that as a commander he possessed a rare faculty of organization; that his plans were sagacious, comprehensive, carefully considered and steadily pursued; that he possessed an indomitable will, inflexible courage, extraordinary self-reliance and tenacity of purpose, and an unwavering confidence in his ultimate success; that he commanded greater armies and won more magnificent victories than any other military leader of the age; that he was patient under undeserved censure, and conscious of the rectitude of his purpose, was willing to bear unjust suspicion and wait for his vindication till the calm and enlightened judgment of the people should recognize and applaud his motives and glory in his achievements; that he possessed the confidence of his corps and division commanders in a marvelous degree; that he was the soul of honor, generous to his brother soldiers, devoid of any trace of jealousy towards his rivals, incapable of meanness or injustice, and inspired by a lofty patriotism and an unfaltering devotion to his country; that he was brave, but not reckless or cruel; magnanimous, but not weak; yielding, but not vacillating or wavering; ambitious, but without a trace of personal vanity; stern and inflexible, but with a heart as tender and compassionate as that of a woman. All this is true, but it is not all of the truth. We are yet too near him to comprehend his greatness in all its majestic proportions. Looking through the soft-

ening haze of time, and across the extending plain of intervening years, some grand, manly soul will study and comprehend his character, and in fitting words will reveal it to mankind in all its sublime beauty.

A few years since, when it was fashionable among certain excellent people to spend their leisure hours in casting aspersions and calumnies upon ex President Grant—let us hope that they have all long since repented in sackcloth and ashes—I was riding southward from Denver with a well-meaning but narrow-minded gentleman, who had imbibed bitter prejudices against General Grant, and persisted, much to my discomfort, and not a little to my disgust, in favoring me with not over-intelligent criticisms upon his military career, his civil administration of the government, and his character and conduct as a public man. It was in vain that I sought to change the theme of conversation, and annoyance deepened into vexation as he proceeded. I glanced out of the window towards the west. Through the transparent atmosphere, crowned with the soft radiance of the declining sun, towered toward the skies the majestic outlines of Pike's Peak.

"Look," said I, "at the Peak to-day! What a majestic outline! What a sublime presence! What resplendent beauty! How the lofty peaks around him are dwarfed by his superior greatness! The slowly setting sun seems to linger in conscious admiration and touches his proud head with a tender halo!"

"It is, indeed, a magnificent spectacle," he replied, worthy of the muse of another Coleridge, worthy the brush and coloring of a greater than Bierstadt."

"But have you ever ascended the Peak?" said I.

"No," he replied, "I started once, but the path was rough and somewhat difficult. A thousand ugly boulders impeded my steps, the hot sun poured down through the rare atmosphere, and I found no charms to entice me farther upward."

"Let us," said I, "learn a lesson from your experience; we sometimes stand too near greatness to understand or appreciate it. Our dull vision perceives only the little personal peculiarities, the foibles, and perhaps faults of character, and these so absorb our attention that we fail to perceive the greater and nobler qualities which should so command our profound admiration and respect, that little eccentricities would be wholly unperceived or instantly forgotten.

Thus it is with the great man upon whose character and services you cast such undeserved aspersions. You are too near him. Wait but a few years till the mellowing, misty haze of distance conceals the trifling faults which now distress you so greatly. Then across the vista of years, the name and fame and character of Ulysses S. Grant shall rise toward heaven in majestic splendor, the highest and grandest among that glorious galaxy of heroes, warriors and statesmen who saved the Country's life, and magnanimously forgave the foe whose fratricidal hand was red with patriotic blood. Around him will stand, in glad companionship, Sherman, and Sheridan, and Thomas, and Logan, and Farragut, and Sumner, and Stevens, and Stanton, and Chandler, and Trumbull, and Doolittle, and other giants who in field or forum or senate chamber struck heavy blows for freedom and fatherland, but every one will raise toward him their uncov-

ered heads in reverent admiration and acknowledgment of his superior greatness.

' As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form  
' Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
' Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
' Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

In the case of most of the great men whose forms are now perceived above the horizon of the past, it has required hundreds of years so to hide their faults and pour forgetfulness over their deeds, as to leave comparatively untarnished their grand outlines; but with our Grant, it will be quite different. So much is he one of us, the people, that even before his death all honest lips like yours will be mute, or only part to utter his praise; and when immortality shall claim him as her own, the whole civilized world will stand with uncovered brow and bated breath, bending in reverent homage at his open tomb."

My friend, though misguided, was an honest and patriotic man, and something I had uttered touched his heart and unsealed its fountains. He was silent for a few moments, and then said, in a subdued voice and moistened eye:

"I have been wrong. Never again will I speak bitterly or disrespectfully of one to whom the country and all its loyal sons owe so great a debt of gratitude. General Grant has made mistakes, as who has not, but now I see that they are only as shining sands upon the beach, while his great character and resplendent services to his country and the world, are like the unfathomable ocean that stretches beyond the horizon."

Universally honored and revered while in health and

prosperity, he came to be as universally beloved when rude misfortune's shadow fell across his pathway, and with unfaltering step and stout heart he approached the dark valley of the shadow of death. He fell a victim of the conscienceless and criminal cupidity of those who basely sought to barter his good name for gold. Unsuspecting and simple-hearted as a child, he put his confidence in unprincipled scoundrels, who betrayed and financially ruined him. Now, indeed, the iron entered his soul. To be subjected to the suspicion of dishonesty was more than he could bear. That he, who for four years had bravely borne the terrible responsibility of his country's weal or woe; who had for eight years been its chief magistrate; who had, as its most honored citizen been received with sincere respect by the greatest nations of the world; that he should have been associated in business with a common swindler and vulgar thief—this broke his great heart. Strong to bear grief and misfortune, this anguish was too great; the poisoned shaft pierced his sensitive soul and rankled till death freed his chastened spirit from its shattered tabernacle. Yet no sane man of all the millions of his countrymen doubts his absolute integrity.

Lincoln fell by Booth's bullet; Garfield perished by Guiteau's guilt-stained hand; Grant died too soon, cut off by the shameless wickedness of Ward. But what a sublime spectacle! With what magnificent courage he met the fell destroyer! With what infinite patience he endured the acutest anguish! Great as he was in life, he was greater still in death. With fortitude which could not be shaken; with calmness which could not be ruffled; with cheerful confidence in the goodness and mercy of

the Great Father ; with unshaken faith in the immortal life beyond ; grieving only for the dear ones he left behind, with measured tread he stepped slowly down into the waters of the dark river, and the misty curtain of eternity veiled him from our vision forever, while on the radiant heights beyond, with folded pinions, a shining band of seraphs watched and waited for his approach, chanting the triumphant pœan of victory—

“ Oh ! death, where is thy sting !  
“ Oh ! grave, where is thy victory ! ”

To-day the nation has followed to his last resting place her first citizen, her greatest soldier. The nation mourns. The civilized world joins in respectful homage to his memory. But to those who knew him as a man ; to those who were honored by his friendship, there comes a deep sense of personal bereavement, and personal grief. And to you, my comrades, who followed him through the terrible baptism of blood, by which our nation was consecrated to a better life, and which sealed her redemption from the sin of slavery, and expiated her ancient crimes against freedom and equal rights, to you, fellow soldiers, what can I say that your own hearts have not already felt. The bond which unites the hearts of soldiers, is peculiarly sacred. They are bound together by a chain whose links were forged and welded in the fires of battle, amid the thunder of cannon, the shrill shrieks of shell, the whistling of bullets, and the clash of ensanguined sabres ; tempered by the life-blood of comrades ebbing away where no gentle hand could wipe away the damp dews of death ; consecrated by the tears of mothers who gave their sons a priceless offering on the shrine of patriotic devotion, of wives whose loved

ones came back no more forever, of little children who never again could know a father's anxious care or a father's tender love; and of such a chain, while life shall last, no link can ever be broken; comrades we are, and comrades we shall be till our hearts, still and cold, no longer

"\* \* like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

While others mourn our comrade's loss, we must needs weep. If others love him much, we love him more tenderly still. If others honor, we revere. In "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," we leave him gently, tenderly in his final resting place.

Who can estimate the value of such a life; the lesson of such a death? Who can measure the potency of a character so admirable? Who shall trace the widening, circling waves of influence emanating from a fame so resplendent? Ideas fructify the mind, but ideals touch the heart and regenerate the soul. Goodness and truth and piety abstractly considered, are beautiful and desirable, but when they become incarnate in a living, loving mother, or innocent child, or venerable saint, they move the heart and mold the soul into their own divine likeness. Patriotism and honor and public virtue are but excellent words, but when the noble qualities of which they are but feeble exponents, shine forth in luminous effulgence, in the character of a Lincoln or a Grant, then, indeed, patriotism and honor and public virtue are perceived in all their native majesty and loveliness. To how many a young man, struggling with cruel adversity, and sorely tempted to descend from the shining heights of personal honor and integrity to the sham-

bles where justice is crucified, and impious hands cast lots for her seamless garments, will the illustrious example of Ulysses S. Grant be an inspiration to good, and a salvation from sin and shame.

His marvelous achievements will be forever emblazoned on the pages of history, and inspired bard and eloquent, impassioned orator will thrill the hearts of millions yet unborn, as they pronounce the illustrious name of Grant, and portray in fitting words the matchless splendor of his fame! The grand diapason of reverent and loving admiration which encircles the world to-day, will echo and re-echo down the corridors of coming ages, "till the last syllable of recorded time." In commemoration of his heroic deeds massive monuments will rise on which will be chiseled his name:

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

Rise, proud monuments, in majestic grandeur, till your summits pierce the clouds, and kiss the over-arching vault of heaven! With mute but moving eloquence proclaim to coming generations the splendor of his character and the matchless glory of his renown! Declare to them the magnificent example of his life, the impressive lesson of his death! Reveal to wondering eyes his massive form, and the striking lineaments of the Great Commander's face!

And, yet, his proudest and most enduring monument will be The Nation, whose gallant armies he led to such resplendent victory; whose existence his genius and valor helped to save; whose haughty enemies he twice conquered: in war, by the resistless might of his legions; in peace, by his unexampled magnanimity to a fallen foe.

By the unanimous verdict of mankind the great Father of his country was accorded a solitary place on the very pinnacle of human greatness. Among the thousand of America's heroes and warriors and statesmen none was found worthy to stand beside him.

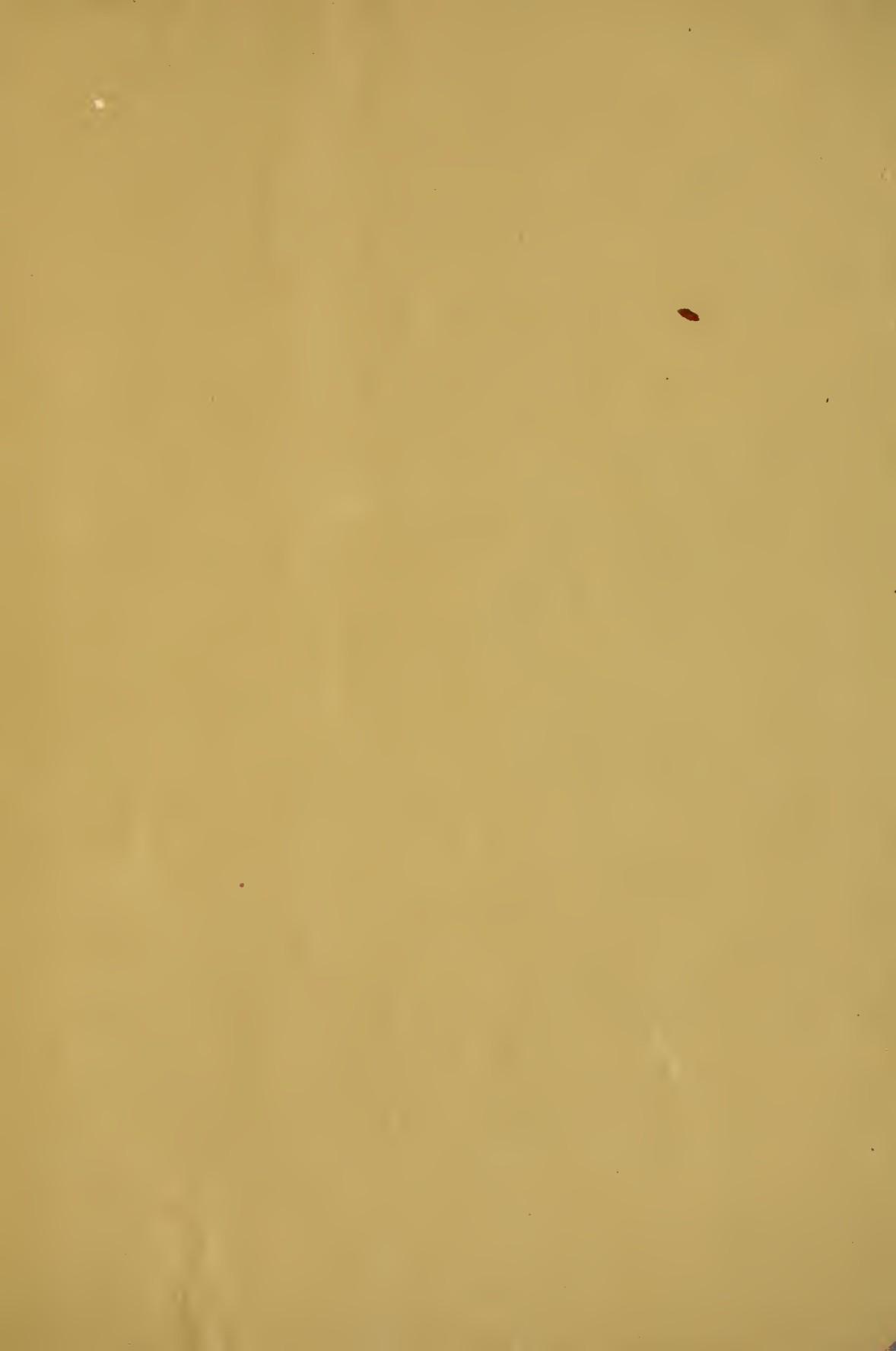
Half a century later, by the same consenting voice, the Savior of his country was accorded a place of equal dignity by his side.

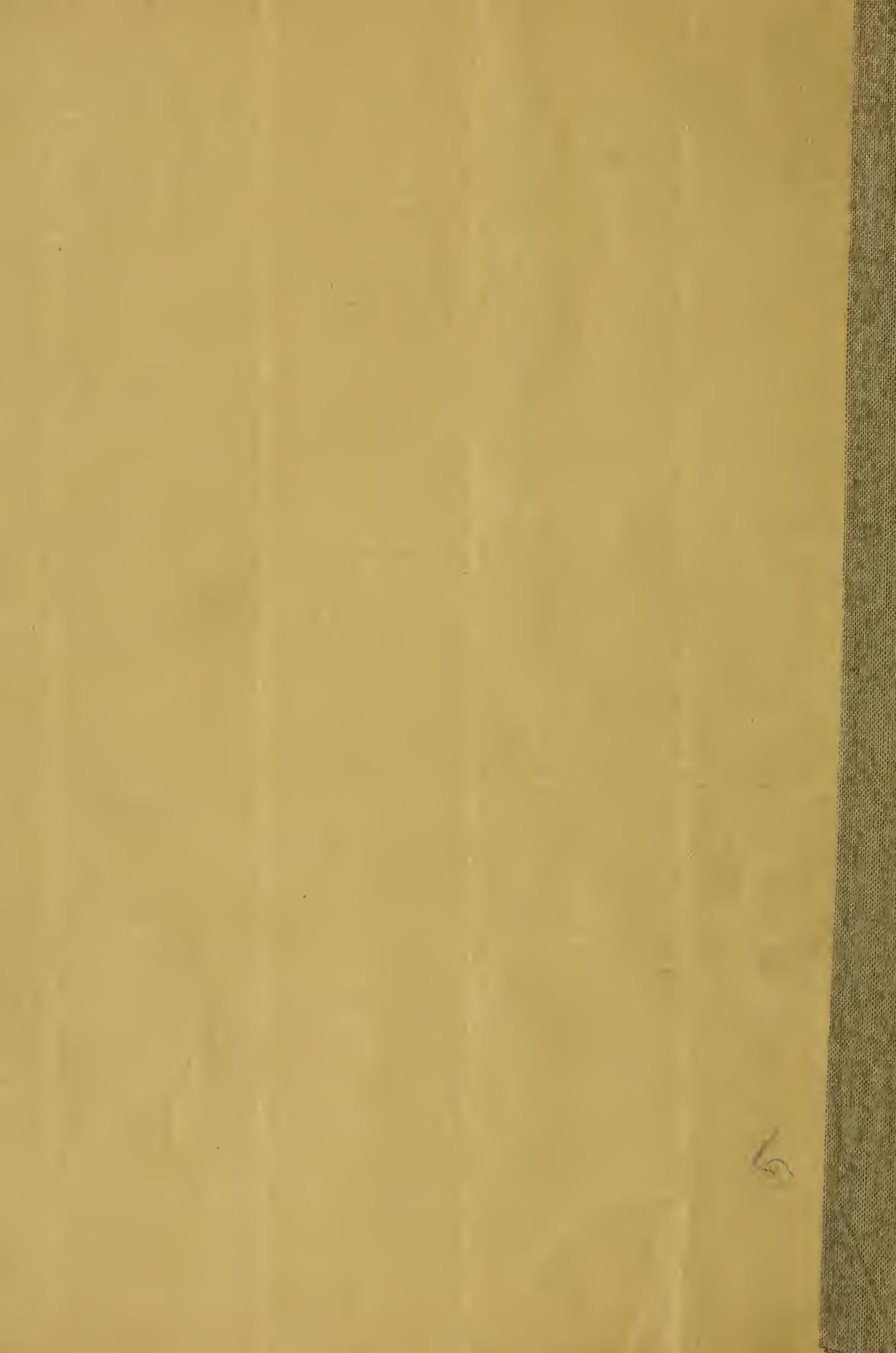
To-day, beside those two majestic forms there stands a third! It is the hero whose spirit winged its upward flight from Mount McGregor's consecrated ground; it is the familiar form of him we loved so well—the Great Commander.

And now abide these three: WASHINGTON, and LINCOLN, and GRANT; the Trinity of America's heroes, now and forever complete.











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